

# Santana DVX

## The Lonely Island

What is that Cristal? No, Dom P? Hell no  
This is that Carlos Santana champagne  
Oh shit, Santana DVX? That's my joint  
Mine too, but a lot of these busters don't know about it  
Well, let's tell these mother fuckers As a kid, I used to lay awake and think  
When was Santana gonna make a drink?  
But now I'm all grown and my dream came true  
Santana champagne, from him to you From the heart of Napa Valley and the guitar king  
Comes the sparkling wine to make a blind man sing  
Yo, it's the champagne from the man with the bandana  
I can't stand a food with anything but Santana What's the first name in champ? It's Carlos  
And to that man I propose a toast  
In the sixties, he had lotsa freebie sex  
But now he's getting down with the DVX Excuse me fellas, am I to understand  
That Carlos Santana has made a champagne?  
That's right mother fucker, here try it  
Alright, ah shit I feel alive for the first time  
Each sip hits my lip like a landmine  
Without Carlos in my life, I was living a lie  
He makes his guitar weep, but his champagne cry  
He's a southwest, tie-wearing bolo-champ  
Coming straight out the box with a bowl o' champ Yo, he a beast with the sugar and yeast, mix it in pots  
Like the way his release mixes jazz, blues and pop  
Add the sauce of fusion, his ladies super deucing  
Plus he teamed with Rob Thomas for a music revolution  
On the seventh day, it's been said God rests  
But on the eighth day, he made the DVX Gentlemen, gentlemen what is all the hub-ub about?  
Carlos Santana? That's right I see you  
Bitches is enjoying my sparkling wine, we certainly are  
Well, be careful because this shit will get you fucked up  
Bitch I'm like no other, one of a kind, my sparkling wine  
Santana DVX make you wanna have sex  
I'm rich bitch, I'm having my chips  
Get laid all the time, by seventies chicks Won hella Grammys, bitches throw me their panties  
I'm prolly your daddy, probly nuttin' in your mammy  
I'm a Bay boy, city life, been around the corner  
Try to play me foul and my vipers'll run up on ya A legend, a boss, that's what I are  
Accidentally pimped, tryna be killing the guitar  
Not young enough to know better, but young enough to not care

I get acting, might slap a bitch with my hair  
West coast, up top I bang that shit  
I fucked her line and popped Cristal on her lip  
Can't stop, won't stop getting my bread  
Packed arenas and coliseums, now watch me shred  
Oh, Carlos Santana  
A monkey drank a bottle and learned to speak  
A squid drank a bottle and became a freak  
A lion drank a bottle and forgot how to growl  
A horse drank a bottle and fucked a cow

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